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WHOLE NO. 226.

[Temperance Tale—by L. M. Sargent, Esq.]  
**SEED TIME AND HARVEST.**

It must be nearly midnight, thought I, as I walked rapidly along. I had travelled full fourteen miles. The rain descended in torrents; and, finding ready admittance at a farmer's barn, I clanked upon a hay-mow, and threw myself down, thoroughly wet, weary, and sleepless. What an awful visitor it is, thought I, at the poor cottager's fireside! How forcible and true are the words of Holy Writ! If wine be a mocker, in the castles of the rich;—among the habitations of the poor, (strong) drink is raging. There was I, at the age of sixteen, turning my back upon my birth-place, upon my home, upon a mother and sister, whom I tenderly loved. As the recollection of all they had endured already, and the anticipation of their future sufferings rushed upon my mind, I had almost resolved to return; but, alas! what could I oppose to the ungovernable fury of an unkind husband and an apostate father! No, thought I, I will fly from that, which I can neither prevent nor endure. I will seek my bread among strangers. By the kind providence of Him, who hath promised to be the Father of the fatherless, and such, in reality, I am, I may win by honest industry, the means of bringing comfort to her, who bore me, when my father's intemperance and prodigality shall have made havoc of all that remains; and when the last acre of the homestead shall have passed into the rum-seller's hands. My resolution was fixed. Sleep was gathering over my eyelids. I got upon my knees to commit myself to God in prayer. I could scarcely give form to my scattered thoughts;—it seemed, under the condition of high excitement, in which I then was, that my father was before me, enraged at my departure, and demanding who had taught me to pray. It was he himself, who first set me upon my knees, and placed my infant hands together, and put right words into my mouth, and bade me ask of God to put right thoughts into my heart. How often had he led his little household in morning and evening prayer! How often, as we walked to God's house, in company together had he led the way! How constantly, in our daily labors, had he conducted our thoughts to serious contemplation, by some sensible and devout allusions to those employments in which we were engaged!—Lost and gone, degraded and changed he was; but he had been once a kind father, a tender husband, a generous neighbor, a faithful friend, a pious and a professing Christian.

Rum and ruin, hand in hand, had entered our dwelling together. The peace of our fire-side was gone. The rum seller had laid my poor misguided father, under the bonds of an unrelenting and fatal appetite; he had won away the little children's bread; and converted our once happy home into an earthly hell, whose only portal of exit was the silent grave.

It was very evident to me, that we were going to destruction. My father's interest in the welfare of us all was at an end. Debts were accumulating fast. His farm was heavily mortgaged. His habits, long before, had compelled the church to exclude him from the communion; and the severest abuse was the certain consequence, whenever my poor old mother, went singly to the table of her Lord. I could have borne my father's harsh treatment of myself and my poor sister Rachel; but he returned home at last, constantly intoxicated; and when opposed in any thing, proceeded to swear, and rave, and break the furniture, and abuse my old mother, who bore it with all the patience of a saint;—I made up my mind that I could stand it no longer.

I waited cautiously, for a favorable opportunity, and asked my father's permission to go to sea. He flew into a terrible rage. The next morning he seemed to be in a better frame of mind, and as I was shopping wood before the door, he asked me of his own accord, what had induced me to wish to leave home, and go to sea. I hesitated, for some time; but, as he urged me to speak out, and at the same time appeared to be much calmer than usual, "Father," said I, "it kills me to see you and hear you talk and act so badly to poor mother." He flew into a greater rage than before, and bade me never open my mouth upon the subject again.

Thus matters continued to progress from bad to worse. Love is said not to stand still. This saying is manifestly true in regard to the love of strong drink.

Our domestic misery continued to increase, from week to week. There were intervals, in which my father was more like himself, more like the good, kind parent and husband, whose outgoings, in the morning, had been a source of affectionate regret, and whose incomings, at night, had been a subject of joy to the wife of his bosom and children of his loins. I have seen the faint smile of satisfaction brighten upon my poor mother's pale features upon such occasions; and I have marked the sigh half suppressed, which told the secret of an agonized spirit; and which seemed to say, How precious, how brief is this interval of joy!

It was indeed like the parting sunbeam, the last, lingering light of a summer day, which plays upon the cold grave, where the treasure and the heart are destined to slumber together.

In such an example of domestic wretchedness as ours, the operation of cause and effect was perfectly intelligible. Rum excited into action all that was contentious in the nature of my parent. A keen perception of his own blameworthiness, notwithstanding the stupefying tendency of the liquor he had drunken, increased the irritability of his temper. A word, look, or gesture, from any member of the household, which indi-

cated the slightest knowledge of his unhappy condition, when he returned at night, under the influence of strong drink, was surely interpreted into an intentional affront. He would often anticipate reproof; and, as it were, repay it beforehand, by the harshness of his manners.

The habit of drinking, which is invariably the prolific mother of sin and sloth, wretchedness and rage, is sure to be maintained and kept alive, by the beggarly propensity, to which it has given birth. Whenever my unhappy mother was dunned for the interest on his mortgage, or any other debt, which, at last, he had no means to pay, he was in the habit, of almost mechanically, as soon as the creditor had departed, of turning to the jug of rum for relief and oblivion.

The gloom and ill nature, which had hitherto been occasionally interspersed with exhibitions of kinder feelings to us all, appeared to have become unvarying and fixed. There was less and less, from week to week, or an April sky. All was chill and drear, like November. One evening, my mother and sister had been busily engaged, as usual, in such housewifery, as might best contribute to keep our poor wreck of a domicile together, as long as possible. I had learned to write a fair hand and was engaged in copying some papers, for our squire, who paid me by the sheet. It had gotten to be nearly ten o'clock. My mother put on her spectacles, and opening the Bible, began to read. Rachel and I sat by the fire, listening to the words of truth and soberness. My poor mother had fallen upon a portion of scripture, which from its applicability to her own situation and that of her children, had affected her feelings, and the tears were in her eyes, when the loud tramp upon the door step announced the return of my father. His whole appearance was unusually ominous of evil. My mother stirred the fire, and I placed him a chair, which he kicked over and threw himself down upon the bed, and called for supper. Mother told him, in a gentle manner, that there was nothing in the house but some bread. He told her she lied, and swore terribly. She sat silently by the fire;—I looked up in her face;—She wept, but said nothing.—"Don't cry so, dear mother," said Rachel.—"Wife," said my father, sitting upon the edge of the bed, "when will you leave off crying?"—"Whenever you leave off drinking, husband," replied my mother in the kindest manner. My father sprang up, in a hurricane of wrath, and with a dreadful oath, hurled a chair, at my mother's head. I sprang forward, and received its full force upon my shoulder. Rachel and my mother fled to a neighbor's house, and my father struck me several blows with his feet and fists; and, as I made my escape, I left him dashing the furniture to pieces, with the fury of a madman. I rushed forth to seek shelter amid the driving storm—from the tempest of a drunken father's wrath. I went as speedily as possible to the squire's house, and begged him to take compassion on my poor mother and sister. Having received his promise, that he would go instantly over to our cottage, I took the resolution which I have already stated.

After I had passed a comfortable night, in the farmer's barn, I pushed forward to the city. I had a trifle of change in my pocket; I bought a biscuit of a travelling baker, and I had no relish for any other than the beverage of God's appointment which was near at hand. When I reached the city, I directed my course to one of the wharves, and found no difficulty, as I was unusually stout for my years, in obtaining a voyage, as a green hand in a ship bound to China. Three days passed before the ship sailed. I wrote to my mother and sister, bidding them keep up their spirits, and put their trust as I did, in the God of the widow and the fatherless, for such and even worse, was our condition. I asked them to say to father, when he was sober, that, although I scarcely expected to see him in this world I freely forgave all his ill-treatment to myself.

I worked hard and strove to please the captain. I soon found that ploughing the sea was a very different affair from ploughing the land. I had a good constitution, and a cheerful temper. I had been taught, at all times, by dear mother, and by my poor, unhappy father also, till he became intemperate, to put the fullest confidence in the promises of God. When we arrived in China, though we had shipped out and home, the voyage was broken up and the ship sold. The captain settled with the crew for their entire satisfaction; and I shall always be grateful for his kindness to me. He got me a voyage to England. I laid out my wages by his advice. I could not have followed a shrewder counsellor. He was born and bred, so far as regards his land learning, in one of the most thrifty villages in Connecticut. We had a most boisterous voyage from Canton; but, whenever I pulled a rope, I always pulled a little harder for the sake of my old mother and sister Rachel. I had saved every penny of my wages, that I could lay by, and my little investment in Canton turned out far beyond my expectations. I do not think I was avaricious; but I felt it to be my duty, under existing circumstances to save my earnings for my honored mother. Nevertheless, I felt myself authorized to indulge in one luxury at least; so upon my arrival in Liverpool, I went into the first bookstore and bought me a pocket Bible.

Five years had now gone by, in which I had sailed many thousands of miles, and visited various corners of the world. During this period, I had gotten together a larger sum of money than I ever expected to possess at twenty-one, besides having made several remittances to the squire for my old mother's use, to whom I wrote upon every convenient opportunity. They all came to hand, as I afterwards

learned, saving one, in gold, which went to bottom, with poor Tom Johnson, who was lost at sea. If I was fortunate enough to save my hard earnings, just let me say, for the advantage of every brother sailor, that there are four things, which I never did; I never suffered a drop of grog to go down my hatch, blow high or blow low; I never rolled a stinking weed, like a sweet morsel, under my tongue; I never crossed hands with a drunken landlord; and I never bore away from a poor fellow whose ham-mock was harder than my own.

My five years absence from home might have extended to fifty, but from many recollections of my mother and sister, which became more forcible from day to day. My remembrance of my father was of the most painful character: the very recollection of his tenderness, in the days of my childhood which often brought tears into my eyes, served only to render the image of a cruel and degraded parent more frightful and revolting.

I had shipped, about this time, on board the *Swissire*, from London to Oporto. One afternoon, two or three of us, a day or two before the ship sailed, had strolled over to the south side of the Thames, to look at the King's dock-yards at Deptford. As I rambled among the docks, I received a smart slap on the shoulder, and, turning suddenly round, whom should I see but Tom Johnson, an honest fellow as ever broke bread or wore a tarpaulin! He was born in our village; had followed the sea for nearly forty years; and, once in the course of three or four, he had contrived to find his way to the old spot and spend a few days in the valley where he was born. "Why, Bob," said he, "I'm heartily glad to see you, my lad; so you've taken leg bail of the old folks, and turned rover in good earnest, hey?" I told him, I hoped he didn't think I'd left my old mother to shirk for herself in her old age. "Not a jot?" replied the old sailor; "Squire Seely has told me the whole story, and says, he has put the sweat of your brow more than once or twice either, in the old lady's hand, and made her old weather-beaten heart leap for joy to hear you was so thoughtful a lad. I saw your mother about a year ago, and your sister Rachel." I shook old Tom Johnson by the hand; I could not restrain my feelings, for this was the first news I had received from home for more than five years. "Come, Bob," said the old fellow, "don't be for opening your scupperns and making crooked faces; though it blows hard enough now, it may get to calm weather after all." "How is my father doing now?" I inquired. "Why, as to that," answered Tom Johnson, "it is about a twelve-month since I was there. I told the old lady I might cross your hawse in some part of the world. She had a rough time of it, my boy. The old man holds on to mischief, like a heavy hedge in a clay bottom: The cold water folks began about a year ago, to scatter their seed in the village, in the shape of tracts, and tales, and newspapers. Some of them were thrown at your father's door, and at the door of old Deacon Flint, the distiller. There, as you may suppose, the seed fell in stony places. Your father was in a great rage, and swore he'd shoot the first person who left another of their rascally publications before his door. I'm afraid it will be a long while, my lad, before the temperance folks get the weather gauge of the rum-sellers, and rum-drinkers in our village. They have had a miserable seed time, and the Devil and Deacon Flint, I am afraid, will have the best of the harvest."

As Tom Johnson was to sail in about a week, for the United States, I sent by him a few lines of comfort and a small remittance for my mother. As I have already stated, they never reached the place of their destination. The *Oranoke*, of which this poor fellow was mate, foundered at sea, and the whole crew perished.

After our arrival at Oporto, the crew of the *Swissire* were discharged; and, finding a favorable chance, I shipped for Philadelphia, where we arrived, after an extremely short and prosperous passage. I directed my course once more, towards my native hamlet. My feelings were of the most painful and perplexing character. In accumulated years, and even in the little property which I had gathered, I felt conscious of something like a power and influence; which, by God's grace, I hoped to exert for the protection of my mother. Yet, when I recollected the ungovernable violence of my father's temper, under the stimulus of liquor, I almost despaired of success. At any rate, I could behold the face of her who bore me and receive her blessing once more before she died.

Having sent my luggage forward, I performed a considerable part of my journey on foot. I had arrived in the village, adjoining our own.

I paused for an instant to look at the barn, in which, five years before, I had passed a most miserable night. It brought before me, with a painful precision, the melancholy record of the past. Every rule of my lessening way abated something of that confidence, which I had occasionally cherished, of being the instrument, under God, of bringing happiness again into the dwelling of my wretched parents.

I had arrived within two miles of the little river, which forms one of the boundary lines of our village. I was passing a little grocery, or tippery, and, standing at the door, I recognized the very individual, who formerly kept the grog-shop in our town, and from whom my father had purchased his rum for many years. Although it was already gray twilight I knew him immediately; and, however painful to approach a person, in whom I could not fail to behold the destroyer of my father, I could not repress my earnest desire to learn something of my family. I accosted him, and he re-

membered me at once. His manners were those of a surly and dissatisfied man. In reply to my inquiries, he informed me, that my parents and my sister were alive, and added, with a sneer, that my father had set up for a cold water man, "but," continued he, with a forced and spiteful laugh, "it will take him all his days, I guess, to put off the old man; they that have gotten the relish of my rum, are not so very apt to change it for cold water." Upon further inquiry I ascertained that there had been a temperance movement in our village; and that the seed, as poor Tom Johnson said, had been scattered there, with an unsparing hand. I also gathered the information from the rum-seller, that the selectman had refused to appropriate any applicant for a license to sell ardent spirit in our village; and that he, himself, had therefore been obliged to quit his old stand, and take the new one, which he now occupied.

I turned from the rum-seller's door and proceeded on my way. It was quite dark; but the road was familiar to my feet. It afforded me unspeakable pleasure to learn, that my mother and sister were alive and well. But I was exceedingly perplexed by the rum-seller's statement in relation to my father. Can it be possible, thought I, that he has become a cold-water man? How true is the rum-seller's remark, that few, who have gotten a taste of rum, are apt to change it for cold water! For more than twelve years my father had been an intemperate man; and, even if he had abandoned ardent spirit, for a time how little reliance could be placed upon a drunkard's reformation! Besides Tom Johnson had expressly stated, that my father had been exceedingly hostile to the temperance movement from the beginning.

With these and similar reflections, my mind continued to be occupied, until I entered our village. It was about half past nine, when I came within a few rods of the old cottage. A light was still streaming forth from the window. I drew slowly and silently near to the door. I thought I heard a voice. I listened attentively. It was my father's. My mother appeared not to reply; such was her constant habit, whenever, under the influence of liquor, he gave a loose rein to his tongue, and indulged in unkind and abusive language. I drew still nearer, and passing softly into the entry, I listened more attentively at the inner door. Can it be possible, thought I, he was engaged in prayer! In fervent and pious prayer! He prayed, in a trembling voice, for the restoration of an absent son! There was a pause. From the movement within, it was evident they had risen from their knees. I gently raised the latch, and opened the door. The father, the mother, the brother, the sister, were locked in the arms of one another! My regenerated old father fell once more upon his knees; we all followed his example; and before a word of congratulation had passed from one lip to the other, he poured forth such a touching strain of thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for my safe return, as would have melted the heart of the most obdurate offender. It came directly from the heart of a truly penitent sinner, and went straightway to the God of mercy. I gazed upon my poor old father. It seemed like the moral resurrection of one already dead and buried, in his trespasses and sins. I glanced rapidly about me; all was peace, all was order; where all had been strife and confusion before. The rum-jug no longer occupied its accustomed place upon the table; the expanded volume of eternal life was there in its stead.

I gazed with inexpressible joy, upon the happy faces about me; my father, to all outward appearances, such as he had been in better days, sitting in silence, and evidently restraining the emotions of his soul; poor Rachel upon my knee, her features bathed with happy tears; and my dear old mother, turning her countenance, full of gratitude and love, alternately towards Heaven and upon a long gone child, returned at last.

Six years have now gone by since a merciful God softened the stubborn soil in my father's heart. The seed did not fall altogether, as Tom Johnson supposed, upon stony places. Some of them have sprung up, as in our own highly favored heritage, and borne fruit a hundred fold. Let us thank God, then, who hath enabled us abundantly to gather the harvest; for peace is once more at our fire side; the wife has regained her husband, and the orphans have found their father.

## CONGRESS.

REMARKS OF MR. SWIFT, IN SENATE, JANUARY 25TH.

Mr. Swift rose, and said that a portion of his constituents had entrusted to his care a memorial addressed to Congress, praying for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade within the District of Columbia, with instructions to present the same to the Senate; but being unwilling to become in any manner unnecessarily instrumental in promoting or prolonging the excitement prevailing here and elsewhere on this subject, he had been for weeks waiting the final action of the Senate on the motion of the honorable Senator from South Carolina (Mr. CALHOUN), that the Senate do receive the memorial presented by the honorable Senator from Pennsylvania, (Mr. BUCHANAN), containing the same petitions as the one entrusted to his (Mr. S.'s) care; and it was his intention, in case the Senate refused to receive that memorial, to withhold from the Senate the one from his constituents; at least, until he should receive further instructions from them on the subject. But as it is now very uncertain (said Mr. S.) when the final action of the Senate will be had on this motion, I do not feel at

liberty longer to delay to fulfil the instructions of my constituents, and I am the more inclined not to delay, from the fact that the honorable Senator who presented the memorial now before the Senate moved, at the time of presenting it, its instant rejection; and as I desire that a different course should be adopted by the Senate, I prefer to urge that course with the memorial of my constituents, rather than to interfere with the course proposed by him, for, however the motions of the two honorable Senators may differ in form, they, in my opinion, amount in substance to the same thing; the one denies the right of petition, while the other, though it admits the right, denies the ordinary investigation into the merits of the petition, and refuses to grant what is prayed for. Such right is of little value in the estimation of my constituents.

As I intend to present this memorial, and ask that it may take the usual course of memorials presented to the Senate, as I believe some Senators on this floor have mistaken the opinions and motives of those who have petitioned Congress on this subject, I desire to say a few words as to the opinions and motives of my constituents. I do not, however, intend to discuss at this time the correctness of these opinions, or to express opinions of my own, for it is not, as I believe, the proper time to discuss either the constitutional power of Congress over the subjects presented by the memorial, or the expediency of exercising that power if they possess it; for, however ingenious arguments may be, (and I have listened to some of great ingenuity), whether made on this floor or elsewhere, while the ordinary course of legislation is denied to the petitioners, they will not be convincing, and decisions of the Senate, made by the extraordinary course of legislation proposed, will not be satisfactory, but will tend to increase, rather than to allay, excitement, which gentlemen so much deprecate as injurious to slaveholding States.

As the language used by the memorialists is, I admit, very strong; it is, however, dictated, I have no doubt, by the honest opinions and feelings of the memorialists, and with them it is in the language of truth; and though they speak without disguise of the evils of slavery and of the slave trade within this District, yet they say nothing of slavery elsewhere, excepting to enter a disclaimer of any intention or wish to interfere in any manner with slavery in the different States; and there is nothing in the memorial disrespectful to this body. But, as I intend to ask for the reading of the memorial by the Secretary to give gentlemen an opportunity to make such motion they think proper in relation to it, I will not detain the Senate by stating the contents. Not only the memorialists, but a very considerable portion, to say the least, of the citizens of the State which I have the honor in part to represent, believe that Congress have power to abolish slavery within the District, and that it is expedient that Congress exercise that power of legislating on the subject, and either abolish slavery immediately, or make provision for its future abolition; or, by some provisions of law, mitigate some of the existing evils of slavery, and especially of the slave trade within this District. They believe, also, that by the relationship existing between the several States and this District, that each State is implicated in the evils of slavery, and that the charge that our Government is a slaveholding Government is not without the appearance of foundation. With these opinions, the memorialists respectfully ask the Senate that their memorial may be received, that it may be submitted to the thorough investigation of some standing or select committee of the Senate, and that it may so far receive the attention of such committee as to obtain from it a full, fair and candid report, which course will greatly tend, in my opinion to allay the tempest of feeling which exists on this subject. If they are mistaken in their opinions, they desire to be convinced of it, and, when so convinced, they will desist from all further proceedings on the subject; but until convinced that they are wrong, they will continue not only to think, but to speak and act on the subject, and no earthly power can prevent them from doing so.

Let me tell gentlemen that those of my constituents who entertain these opinions are neither incendiaries nor fanatics unless those who have signed this memorial have, by so doing, rendered themselves obnoxious to such charge, but they are amongst the most intelligent and peaceable citizens. Whether the memorialists do or do not belong to any Anti-slavery Society, I do not know, but I do know that these opinions do not belong exclusively to those who are members of such societies; indeed many entertain these opinions who are opposed to the measures of these societies. They are men who value too highly the freedom of opinion, and of speech, to surrender them through fear of any consequences which can affect only themselves.

And let me also tell these honorable gentlemen that, while they deprecate the excitement at the North on the subject of slavery, as injurious to their best interests, their course is not the best calculated to allay that excitement; indeed, unless I am much mistaken as to the feelings and temper of the people of the North, their course in relation to these petitions will tend to increase the excitement which they so much deprecate. I now move that the memorial be read by the Secretary, and referred to the Committee for the District of Columbia, and I shall regret to find that, in the opinion of the Senate, the memorialists have used any language unsuitable to the occasion, or that has been dictated by any improper feelings. I must, however, believe

that they have not intended to use language any stronger than was necessary to express their opinions of the evils of slavery existing within the District.

Mr. King, of Alabama, said that, before the reading of the petition, he desired to know of the gentleman who presented it if it was entirely respectful to that body.—Parliamentary usage required that, before a gentleman presented a petition or paper of any kind to a deliberative body, he should satisfy himself that it contained nothing disrespectful to those to whom it was addressed.

Mr. Calhoun desired to know if the language of the petition was respectful to those who had sent them there. He therefore wished to hear the petition read.

(Here the petition was read by the Secretary.)

Mr. Calhoun demanded the preliminary question on receiving the petition. The Senator from Vermont he said, objected to the calling these petitioners incendiaries, and yet (said Mr. C.) he does not object to the language used by them towards those who sent us here.

Mr. Swift had only said that gentlemen could judge of the language of the petition for themselves. The petitioners he had said, were entirely respectable, were influenced by the purest motives, and believed themselves justified in speaking of evils as they supposed them to exist.

Mr. Calhoun cared not what their motives were; he cared not whether they acted from ignorance or design; he only judged of the effect. Those persons who presented this petition knew of the existence of the Southern institutions, and yet they spoke of them as unjust, wicked, and diabolical. Whatever might be the design of these men, the course they were pursuing was calculated to destroy this Union, and subvert its institutions. He did not mean to enter into any argument with the gentleman from Vermont, but he demanded the preliminary question, and on it he asked for the yeas and nays.

The yeas and nays were accordingly ordered.

Mr. Buchanan was not only willing, but anxious, that a question should be distinctly taken before the Senate of the United States, and so far as it was in his power to put it to rest, he was prepared to go. It would seem that on one morning, the Senate were to have a dish of Mr. Benton's resolution served up, and the next morning the abolition question. He hoped they would dispose of one thing at a time, and would therefore move to lay the question on the table. He made this motion with a view that it might be called up hereafter when the Senate were prepared to make a final disposition of it.

Mr. Leigh read parts of the petition, from which he inferred that there was a design in the petitioners to act not only upon the rights of the people of the District of Columbia, but upon the rights of the slaveholding States generally, as it argued generally against slaveholders.

Mr. Swift said it was difficult to find expressions in any memorial to which some exception might not be taken. Let me say, he illustrated this by calling the attention of gentlemen to another question. Suppose a petition presented there to prohibit the sale of lottery tickets in this District, calling the practice immoral gambling, &c.; would gentlemen consider this language improper, because the sale of lottery tickets was tolerated elsewhere. This case was perfectly similar to the one treated of in the petition he had just presented.

After some additional remarks from Mr. Calhoun,

Mr. Buchanan moved to lay the question on the table, and it was agreed to.

IN SENATE, Thursday, Feb. 4. Mr. White submitted the following:

Resolved, That the Secretary of War be and he is hereby requested to inform the Senate what number of Cherokee Indians residing east of the river Mississippi, enrolled themselves for removal to the western side of the said river from the 4th March, 1829, to the 1st day of January last, stating particularly the number enrolled each year; likewise the number of improvements valued for such emigrants each year; giving the name of each Indian for whom a valuation was made, a description of the plauze valued—the sum at which it was valued, and the name of each person who received the valuation money; and also whether the business of enrollment was suspended for any portion of the time within the periods before mentioned, and how long.

Mr. Calhoun, from the Select Committee to whom had been referred that part of the President's message in relation to the transmission by mail, of incendiary publications in relation to slavery, made a voluminous report, accompanied by a bill, which was read and ordered to a second reading.

5000 copies of the report and bill were ordered to be printed.

HOUSE. Abolition of Slavery. Mr. Pinckney of S. C. asked the unanimous consent of the House to present, a resolution in relation to the abolition of slavery.

Mr. Granger called for the reading of the resolution which was as follows.

Resolved, That all memorials which have been offered or which may hereafter be presented to this House, praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and also a resolution offered by an honorable member from Me. (Mr. Jarvis), with an amendment thereto, proposed by an honorable member from Va. (Mr. Wise), and every other paper and proposition which may be submitted in relation to this subject, be referred to a select committee, with instructions to report.